

## **Spoiled 731**

Chapter 731: Find Him

Charlotte Thompson was still curious whether Ryan Richard was taken away by Justin Battleson, so she decided to verify it herself at the Riley Group.

A skyscraper towering into the clouds, standing in the financial center of the city, it was a landmark building in the city.

It goes without saying that even working in an office building near the Riley Group's skyscraper, you are definitely one of the elites among the elites.

Unlike the usual rigorous questioning from the security guards, Charlotte noticed something odd as soon as she walked through the door.

Why was it that the moment she appeared, she attracted the attention of everyone in the lobby?

It was right at the time of checking out, so there were an unusual number of people at the entrance of the building.

And these looks were not only strange, but also had a hint of strange envy, making Charlotte feel weird.

So she quickly walked to the reception desk, and said to the receptionist, "Hello, I'm looking for Justin Battleson."

The front desk girl was engrossed in her mobile phone. Without lifting her head, she said, "Seeing our Mr. Battleson requires an appointment."

Charlotte frowned slightly and took out her phone ready to call Justin.

But in the next second, the receptionist raised her head and recognized it was Charlotte. Her expression visibly turned panicked.

"Oh, oh, you don't need an appointment!"

Charlotte was somewhat taken aback, "Huh?"

Before she could react, the front desk attendant immediately ran from behind the counter and bowed to Charlotte to apologize.

"I'm sorry! I didn't recognize you, if you're looking for Mr. Battleson, you can go straight up in the elevator!"

Charlotte was in a fog, but now the most important thing was to solve her problem, so she didn't ask any more questions and went into the elevator.

The elevator was full of people, so Charlotte immediately backed out to wait for the next one.

The people in the elevator glanced up and saw Charlotte's face, their expressions immediately turned surprised.

A man immediately stepped out of the elevator, "Miss Thompson, you should go first."

Charlotte blushed and quickly declined, "No need, you guys all need to go to work and punch the clock, don't delay on my account, I'm not in a hurry."

The man was very insistent, and seeing everyone waiting for her, Charlotte had no choice but to get into the elevator.

The elevator was eerily quiet, and occasionally someone would look up at her. Charlotte felt a layer of puzzlement cloud her eyes.

Two girls in the elevator were whispering sharply. She glanced over with a furrowed brow, and the two immediately stood up straight and greeted Charlotte, "Good afternoon, Miss Thompson!"

Having been greeted by the two women, everyone in the elevator started to greet Charlotte.

Although Charlotte didn't understand what was going on, she awkwardly responded to each of them.

Surprisingly, that person had the same expression as the others she'd encountered today, who looked at her with a mixture of awe and fear.

"Miss Thompson! Are you here to see Mr. Battleson?"

Charlotte nodded frankly, "Yes, is your Mr. Battleson busy? If he is, I can wait."

The secretary immediately denied it, afraid of offending Charlotte, "Mr. Battleson is free right now, he just finished a meeting and is in his office, shall I take you there now?"

Charlotte smiled in response, "Thank you, but no need, I know the way."

This new secretary didn't know that Charlotte worked in the design department, only knew about her special relationship with Justin.

Charlotte was perplexed. When she arrived at the CEO's office, she knocked and entered.

Chapter 732: You are bullying me too.

Justin Battleson was sitting behind his desk, furrowing his brows as he scanned through the documents in his hands.

Seeing that it was Charlotte Thompson who had arrived, his initially icy expression softened considerably, "Why did you come only now?"

Charlotte momentarily put aside the doubts in her heart and brought up the topic of Ryan Richard, "Was it you who ordered people to deal with Ryan Richard?"

Justin Battleson didn't seem to have any intention to hide it, nodding without disguising anything, "Yes, it was me."

He then stood up from behind his desk, picked up the tablet on the table, and deftly opened a video on it which he then handed to her.

Charlotte was shocked to see in the video that Ryan Richard was being beaten up by several men dressed in black.

Ryan wailed and begged for mercy, completely void of his usual demeanor.

Charlotte thought that she may feel a bit hurt, but she realized that she had already given up on him. All she felt watching the video was indifference. When the video finished playing, Charlotte handed the tablet back to Justin saying, "Thank you for this."

"And thank you for getting back at him for me." Charlotte raised her eyebrow slightly and pointed at the tablet.

Justin didn't discern any sympathy in Charlotte's expression, which secretly delighted him.

"You don't need to thank me, not now, not ever." Justin's serious expression made Charlotte feel a bit uneasy, avoiding his direct gaze.

"From now on, no one will dare to threaten you again, I will protect you."

A warm current welled up in Charlotte's heart. Just when she was about to say something, she suddenly remembered those photos, the ones that were taken when Ryan had come to see her. He still had them in his possession.

Her face instantly paled again, and Justin, sensitively noticing Charlotte's change in mood, asked with concern, "What's wrong? Do you feel unwell?"

"I'm not unwell." Shaking her head, Charlotte voiced her worries, "Ryan still has my photos. If he were to get angry out of shame and make these photos public..."

She didn't need to finish speaking, as he already understood her concerns.

Justin's eyes cooled instantly, reassuring her, "You don't need to worry about the photos. I'll send someone to take care of them soon. I won't let Ryan hurt you again."

"All you need to do is forget about these things from the past. They won't bother you anymore, you just need to be yourself from now on."

This was like a soothing balm to her frazzled nerves.

Charlotte's previously uneasy heart, relaxed a lot in an instant.

Those unbearable scenes from the past, as if from a film reel, kept flashing in her mind.

At that time, she was so helpless. She originally thought that Ryan Richard was her love, but he joined forces with Emily Allen to betray her, which led her through such dark times.

That memory had been a thorn in Charlotte's heart. Even though she seemed to have forgotten that experience on the surface, it still hurt whenever it was brought up.

The humiliation was even more painful than it had been back then, Charlotte's fists began to clench at her sides unconsciously.

Charlotte sneered at herself, "I thought I had already forgotten, but didn't expect that I still remember it so vividly."

Charlotte's lighthearted words hit Justin heavily, making a profound impact.

He knew all too well how much sadness the smile she showed hid from the world.

Seeing the gradually dimming light in Justin's eyes, Charlotte spoke up again, this time with a teasing tone:

"You also bullied me five years ago."

Chapter 733: I'm Sorry

"Charlotte."

There was a slight dilation in Ryan Battleson's pupils.

"You've nearly forgotten about what happened five years ago. Back then, you firmly believed that I was with you for your money. You were so harsh on me. Honestly, if it weren't for Aunt Watson, I wouldn't have wanted to marry you either..."

Seeing her laughing face tinged with bitterness, Justin Battleson's heart trembled.

Indeed, as she said, the harm he did to her five years ago was no less than the hurt Ryan Richard caused her.

Memories adrift took him back to a day five years ago.

When Charlotte Thompson saw Justin Battleson returning to Stardust Garden, she hurriedly got up from her room to welcome him, but his harsh "Don't come over" stopped her in her tracks.

"Mr. Battleson..."

Her eyes were filled with unhappiness, but this failed to stir any sympathy from Justin Battleson.

A disdainful smile hinted at the corners of his mouth: "Someone like you, who craves wealth and splendor, is worthy of appearing in the Battleson Family? Hurry back to your room and stay away from me. I don't want to see you irritating me."

At that time, he boldly brought Evelyn Curtis to Litchlodge, where she enjoyed the best life, but was cold and harsh to Sophie Allen, who married him in place of someone else.

Thinking about this, Justin Battleson's face gradually darkened, and his eyes became gloomy, welling up with endless regret.

If he had been kinder to Charlotte Thompson back then, perhaps her life at that time wouldn't have been so bleak and dull.

If he had properly investigated the matter back then, Evelyn Curtis wouldn't have been so comfortable occupying someone else's place for five years, while Charlotte Thompson was separated from him for the same duration.

Justin Battleson has always regretted. He has regretted ever since he found out the truth, or maybe, the regrets started since their divorce five years ago.

In his life, other than Charlotte Thompson, he never had feelings for anyone else.

From beginning to end, he only had feelings for her, she was the only woman for him.

But fate has its schemes, causing them to miss each other for five years.

"I'm sorry, Charlotte, I'm really sorry, back then... it was all my fault."



He held her tightly in his arms, repeating "I'm sorry" again and again, apologizing to her over and over.

Charlotte's lips twitched slightly, and a hint of red welled up in her eyes: "I was joking, if I were you, I probably wouldn't have liked myself back then, so weak, so powerless... "

"No, Charlotte, I already liked you then, I just didn't realize my own feelings. You've always been good, you've never been weak. You have such talent in fragrance blending, why don't you do it anymore?" He held her tightly, afraid of saying something wrong.

"Because I found out, I have many other talents, not only in fragrance blending." Charlotte laughed, comforting him: "Alright, let's stop talking about what happened five years ago, let the past stay in the past."

"Charlotte, I... I'm truly sorry..." Justin Battleson gripped her shoulders, looking into her eyes, still filled with guilt.

Charlotte lifted her hand, placing a single finger against his lips, whispering: "Shush! No more speaking."

He took a whiff of the sweet, girlish scent on her finger.

Just as Justin Battleson was about to pull her into his embrace, she suddenly turned serious:

"On the way here, everyone I met greeted me, did you say something to them?"

Justin Battleson chuckled lightly, tapping her nose with his finger:

"Would I need to say anything? It's because of the trending escape room event last time, we spilled so much dog food."

Chapter 734: You look so good when your face turns red.

""Oh... A secret room..."

Charlotte Thompson's voice was much softer than before, and a little guilt could be traced in its echo.

On the day in the secret room, Justin Battleson left a mark on her lips in front of the "zombie".

Their intimacy, although not only once, was the most striking and extraordinary in her memory.

While recalling the images in the secret room, Charlotte's cheeks slowly reddened with a hint of shyness.

"Charlotte, what are you thinking about?"

Justin caught even this slight change in her.

"Thinking about that time in the secret room... No, nothing, I wasn't thinking of anything, nothing at all..."

An accidental slip of her true thoughts made her already flushed cheeks even more rosy, even her forehead was slightly pink.

She continued to deny it, but it seemed somewhat futile.

"No need to think, the real deal is right before your eyes, we can recreate that scene again."

Justin came a little closer to her. With no way out, she was pinned against the wall of the office.

She could feel his warm breath, teasing around her ear.

Charlotte placed her hands on Justin's chest, lightly pushing him away.

His smile widened at her half-hearted resistance. "Charlotte, the blush on your face is so lovely."

Justin whispered in her ear, sending a wave of ticklish sensations.

"Justin, can't you be more serious?"

A rosy blush descended upon her ears as she complained in a soft voice, causing Justin's heart to flutter. "So serious? Charlotte, we are in a very serious relationship." He whispered solemnly, his teeth grazing her earlobe.

"I know, I'm not talking about this..." Charlotte's face blushed even more. How can this man always play dumb?

But before she could react, Justin secured her in his arms in an instant.

"Justin..."

Charlotte's face turned beet red, her vision clouded with a layer of haze. "Charlotte, I'll always be good to you from now on, loving only you." He declared fervently.

Charlotte could not retort, as he bent down, lifted her up like a kitten into his arms. His movements were smooth and practiced.

She knew where they were going, the resting room in his office.

"Good girl."

To Charlotte, his deeply resonant voice at this moment sounded like the whisper of a devil.

The closed curtains added a distinctive charm to their small world.

The resting room echoed with sweet sounds of seduction, the air was filled with the scent of their intimacy.

After an indeterminable period, weary-eyed Charlotte finally got her moment of respite with the man by her side.

...

The sweet and intoxicating scent lingered in the air.

A moment of passion finally ended, and Charlotte felt so sore as if her entire body was about to crumble.

All his fault!

Charlotte shot Justin a glare, her piercing eyes sparkling with moisture, startlingly bright.

She reached for a blanket, intending to wrap herself fully in it.

But would Justin let her have her way...

Chapter 735: Getting Bolder and Bolder

With a slight exertion of force, he catches her just extended wrist and counters by pressing it down.

"What are you hiding?" Justin Battleson raises an eyebrow, a smile playing in his deep sea-like eyes. He puts his weight onto his hand, gradually lowering his body to draw close to her blushing earlobe.

"Which part of you haven't I seen?"

His heated breath gradually moves downwards, from her cheek, to her earlobe, then to the exposed patch of her delicate and fair neck....

The intimate entanglement caused Charlotte's heart to pound wildly.

It seemed like she was feeling it again.

"You..."

How can this man be so shameless!

Charlotte made a small noise in protest, instinctively lowering her head, unwilling to look at this man full of inexhaustible energy. However, for every inch she shrunk, Justin moved an inch closer too.

Step by step, he was chasing closely, never letting her go.

The soft touch of his body against hers mingled with his unique pine scent, growing stronger.

"Justin Battleson..."

Unable to bear it any longer, Charlotte cried out his name, hoping he would stop.

"What did you call me?"

Justin seemed to be enjoying this immensely. He kisses her lips, asking in a muffled voice.

"Justin..." Failing to escape, Charlotte endured his varied expressions of affection. Her eyes welling with tears, she looked pitiful, which only incited Justin's possessiveness even more.

His thin lips curved into a satisfied smile. He gently moved his hand up to intertwine their fingers.

Then suddenly, a phone ring interrupts them.

Justin frowned, glancing at his phone, finding it irritating.

However, seeing the name displayed on the screen made him pause for a second.

Michael Richard would not call him unless it's something important.

"Hello."

"Mr. Battleson, is it convenient for you to talk now?" came Michael's slightly urgent voice from the other end.

Justin looked down at the little woman underneath him. She looked moist, as if she's been coated with spring dew, her eyes becoming deeper and deeper.

It's inconvenient.

Very inconvenient.

"Mr. Battleson?"

"Mmm..." Justin came back to reality, just about to speak...

When his lips were engulfed by a soft touch.

With her head tilted back, Charlotte takes the initiative to kiss him.

Her almond-shaped eyes filled with a playful smile.

Who made him keep teasing her just now?

She was going to intentionally distract him from his call!

Charlotte gave him a quick and light peck before pulling away. When Justin opened his mouth to speak again, she seized the opportunity to smother him with another.

Once.

Twice.

Instead of getting annoyed, Justin just smiles and watches her playing around.

"Mr. Battleson, the vice president of Stafford Group has contacted us again, do we need to arrange anything?" Michael's voice echoed again.

"No..."

Just as Justin managed to get out half a word, he was silenced again by Charlotte's kiss.

His jaw. His Adam's apple.

Charlotte didn't seem tired of her game yet.

Unable to contain herself, she started to get more daring.

She pulled her hand away from Justin's light grip, her finger landing on his chest, tracing it little by little.

She was fanning his flames, growing more restless.

Absolutely provocative!

Weighed down by his desires, and teased by Charlotte over and over again, Justin's inner fire built up.

His narrow eyes narrowed a little further, he instructed Michael, with a suppressed voice, "Handle it yourself."

After he finished speaking, he quickly hung up the call.

He tossed the phone to one side.

Charlotte heard Justin's heavily restrained voice, embedded with danger, "Charlotte, becoming bolder and bolder, aren't you?"

"Ehh, I was just playing with you just now..." Sensing the sudden change in Justin's demeanor, Charlotte instantly felt nervous.

She blinked her eyes pleadingly, "Justin, I'm tired, please don't..."

But before she could finish her sentence, she was silenced by him in the same fashion.

"Too late."

Chapter 736: Ways to Become Rich

The atmosphere on the film set was strange.



Even though laughter was often heard, every actor on set had been made up as if in a horror film. Whether it was a beheaded face, a missing ear, or a severed arm, every grotesque scene paired with the makeup was even more horrifying.

The staff working back and forth appeared rather ordinary, but the thought of being faced with the challenging task of applying makeup to a group of ghost-faced actors was daunting.

This was a horror film set. Apart from the terrifying makeup on every actor's face, various strange props such as skulls, human blood, dismembered limbs were scattered everywhere.

Actors walked by, the sound of bones colliding with each other was so chilling that it didn't even require additional sound effects to scare people.

In front of the mirror, a red-dressed female ghost wore exquisite makeup. With her huge blood-red mouth, sharp nails, and bright red eyes, she was terrifying.

An assistant rushed over with a phone, "Emily, call for you."

The woman looked up, her black hair spread out in front of her, scaring the assistant backwards with a shriek.

Emily Allen giggled, pulling her hair back: "Seems my makeup isn't bad, it even scared you."

The assistant hadn't recovered yet, swallowing repeatedly, patting her chest, then slowly handed over the phone: "Phone call."

Emily tilted her head and glanced at the assistant. She was a shared assistant from the prop team, probably a recent graduate, and seemed quite timid.

The previous assistant had already left for better opportunities.

She toyed with her nails, casually unlocking her phone. After all, the only people who would call her at this time were either marketers or telemarketers, giving her no reason to be hopeful.

Upon unlocking the phone, she saw Ryan Richard's name.

"What does he want with me?"

There were more than a dozen missed calls. She had no expectations from Ryan, so she had no intention of answering them.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she couldn't help but reveal a strange smile. "Not bad, this makeup."

As she was about to add some effects to her makeup with an eyeliner pencil, Ryan called again, startling Emily and messing up her eyeliner.

"So annoying!" she murmured, hanging up the phone again.

As she continued to touch up her makeup, Ryan relentlessly called again. Emily had no choice but to answer, "What's up?"

She sounded somewhat impatient and had no intentions of deepening her relationship with Ryan.

Ryan's voice came over the phone, "Are you free? Let's meet."

Emily paused for a moment and let out a couple of cold laughs, "No time, no money, I'm shooting."

Just as she was about to hang up, Ryan quickly stopped her: "Wait, I have a money-making method here, would you like to try it?"

"Money-making?" Emily put down her eyebrow pencil, somewhat interested.

But she wasn't naive, she quickly asked: "Cut to the chase, why on earth would you think of me for such a good thing?"

"How can you say that? Aren't I thinking about you now? Tell me, can you come or not?"

After pondering for a while, Emily looked over her upcoming scenes and told him: "Send the address."

Ryan was pleased: "Okay, I'll send it right away."

Arriving at the hotel that Ryan had directed her to, Emily couldn't help but laugh coldly: "Ryan Richard, you're just thinking about yourself after all."

Walking into the room, Emily hadn't even changed her shoes when she was spotted by Ryan: "Come in."

"I'm changing my shoes."

"Hurry up."

Emily sighed, not understanding what this man wanted.

Chapter 737: Always Bullying Women!

"So, what's your get-rich-quick scheme?" Emily Allen asked bluntly, after all, she wasn't here to rekindle old times with him.

Although Ryan Richard agreed with her mindset, he found it unbearable that his woman was so uninterested in him now. He reminded himself that it was he who had left her, not the other way around.

He looked at Emily. She seemed more charming than before, and he couldn't help but want to flirt with her.

"So eager, do you know why I chose this place?" Ryan moved closer to her. The moment he flicked her hair back, he spotted the love bites on her neck.

Fury surged within him. He pinned her against the corner, almost choking her, "Shameless! Tell me, which old man is it this time? What has he bribed you with?"

Emily couldn't catch her breath from the choking. She had been caught off guard by Ryan's sudden rampage.

"Let... let go!" Emily grabbed his hand, and when the time was right, she knelt him in the groin.

"Agh..." Ryan stepped back, gritting his teeth in pain.

Emily covered her neck, still coughing, "Are you mad? Who I am with is none of your concern. Who would agree to come here if it wasn't for the money you offered!"

Emily shouted, attempting to rush out while Ryan was still recovering, but he yanked her back by her hair.

Ryan's face turned red, raging like a madman. He pulled Emily's hair, ignoring her screams, and threw her harshly onto the bed.

Emily, biting her hair and panting heavily, glared at Ryan: "Ryan Richard, you're incompetent, all you know is to bully women!"

Ryan, enraged, stripped off his coat and threw himself onto Emily, "Today, I'll show you my competency!"

Noticing the fury in his eyes, Emily quickly begged: "Ryan, what are you doing? Get off me!"

But it was too late for Ryan to be restrained. He pressed Emily onto the bed and forcibly kissed her.

Outside the window, the drizzle was consistent. Inside, the woman's screams and the man's heavy breathing were becoming increasingly fervent, then gradually faded.

Emily had contemplated resisting but she knew what the consequences would be. The video of her and the director Ryan had was enough to ruin her.

Resigned, she lay weakly on the bed, her gaze unfocused. As she noticed the injuries on Ryan, she didn't ask or care, turning her head away.

Ryan sat on the edge of the bed, silently smoking a cigarette, then snubbed it out.

Looking back at the naked Emily, he felt a sudden pang of heartache.

He moved closer, enveloping her with his body despite her slight recoil as if she was repelling him. However, after their intimate moment, his patience with her had significantly increased.

He whispered in her ear, "Stop crying, okay? I was a bit impulsive just now."

Hearing his half-hearted apology, Emily felt the insult still fresh. The places where he had grabbed and bitten her still hurt, but she knew more than ever now was not the time to provoke him further.

She turned towards him, holding him tightly. Feeling her response, Ryan's face visibly brightened.

"I'm sorry." He softly kissed her forehead. Emily noticed the wound on his chest.

She gently traced the wound, causing Ryan to wince in pain.

"What happened to you?"

Ryan released her and got up to get dressed, offering no answer.

Chapter 738: Do You Have A Voyeurism Fetish?

Ryan Richard didn't say anything, but Emily Allen could tell that he had been beaten up.

He was, after all, the young master of the Richard Family. Even though the Richard Family had fallen in status, they still held some influence. How many people in society would dare to mess with him?

He didn't mention it, and Emily didn't press for answers, they both just asked superficially.

Then, she also stood up to get dressed.

Looking at her torn and scattered clothes on the ground, Emily felt quite displeased. She came here to make money, but instead, she was taken advantage of first.

She picked up her underwear from the ground, put them on decisively and told Ryan Richard, "Do my buttons."

Ryan Richard turned his head, still a little perplexed, but quickly understood and offered his help.

In the meantime, Emily suddenly asked, "What was that money-making method you mentioned before?"

Only upon hearing her reminder did Ryan Richard recall the purpose of his visit.

"Okay." After buttoning up her underwear, Ryan Richard reluctantly squeezed her hard, then stood up: "I'll show you something."

Emily could only grit her teeth from the pain, but outwardly, she had to go along with Ryan Richard.

"What is it."

By the time Ryan Richard came over, Emily was already dressed and sitting at the front of the bed. Ryan Richard handed her a photograph.

"Do you know the person in the photo?"

Emily took the photo, had a look and nodded her head: "Yes, the famous designer Joy, Charlotte Thompson."

After finishing, Ryan Richard nodded his head repeatedly while showing a wicked grin. However, Emily had no clue how this was connected to making money.

Was it a plan to rob her?

Seeing Emily didn't seem to understand, Ryan encouraged her to move closer; after all, the fewer people who knew about this, the better.

Wrapped in skepticism, Emily dared to move closer, "This photo is indeed of Charlotte."

Emily stared at him, even more puzzled, "So what? Rob her?"

Hearing Emily's idea, Ryan Richard almost burst into laughter.

Next, Ryan Richard took another stack of photos, without exception, every single one was of Charlotte.

Emily sneered, "Ryan Richard, do you like her or are you a voyeur? So many photos of her?"

Emily couldn't help but tease him.

Ryan Richard was not angered, he only thinks Emily is a little dim, so he began to analyze each photo one-by-one.

"You don't understand this, look at these photos."

Emily still didn't get it, and her eyes widened, "Photos, then what?"

"Look at this one, this one, and this one. The common trait is Charlotte biting her fingers. Not just in these photos, she has this habit in many occasions."

Ryan Richard was analyzing, looking for Emily's approval, but continued the analysis on his own: "Sophie Allen, Sophie also has those small habits, I am very clear."

"So?"

"So, Charlotte Thompson is Sophie Allen," Ryan Richard affirmed.

Emily couldn't help but scoff, "Just that..."

She only thought Ryan Richard was going mad.

Then, Ryan Richard was more convinced, "That's not the most significant point. Justin Battleson announced that Charlotte Thompson was his ex-wife. Who is his ex-wife? Sophie Allen, isn't that coincidental? And I went to see her once, I am almost certain, she is Sophie Allen."

Emily Allen hasn't heard the name 'Sophie Allen' in a while, and felt a little repelled.

She wasn't interested in Ryan Richard's elaborate analysis, she only wanted to focus on her own business, "So what?"

She didn't see where the opportunity to make money was, and she quickly lost interest in Ryan Richard.



Seeing her get up and about to leave, Ryan Richard quickly grabbed her: "This is a chance to make big money, do you really want to let it go?"

Chapter 739: Let Me Try.

Emily Allen was a bit slow-care, she was indeed fond of the money, but she wasn't ridiculous enough to be all grabby about it.

"Even if we know she's Sophie Allen, what's the point? Are you suggesting we reach out to her? Don't forget about the things we've done in the past."

Emily was very clear that even if Charlotte Thompson was Sophie Allen, she couldn't mess with the current Charlotte.

And she didn't dare to.

If Charlotte didn't come to her for trouble, she would be grateful.

Ryan Richard tightly held on to Emily, and continued, "Not a kin, but for money. No one knows she's Sophie Allen, so if you threaten her, she'll definitely give you money."

Ryan made it sound simple, but Emily, who has been through the hardships of society, how could she possibly be used by him so easily?

She looked at Ryan with interest and questioned, "Why don't you go for it? Why come here and share a profit with me?"

Ryan stuttered when his soft spot was hit.

If he hadn't been watched by Justin Battleson and warned, he wouldn't have let Charlotte off easily. Moreover, he would have shared the money with Emily. He had no choice but to use Emily to avoid pressure from Justin on the Richard Corporation.

Ryan was nervous, repeatedly wiping his hands on his pants, "It's not... my status is not quite suitable. If it turns out more than it's worth."

Emily was skeptical, "How much are you asking for?"

"Ten million, we split it in half." Ryan held out the bait.

"Ten million? Are you mad, impossible?" Emily immediately felt the situation was impossible when she heard Ryan's ridiculous demand.

Ryan hastily explained: "You're not unaware of who her 'gold mine' currently is. Ten million must be peanuts to her."

Emily slumped down in her seat, feeling that Ryan was simplifying everything too much.

Speaking of Sophie, she only thought of how she had bullied Charlotte afterwards. However, the Allen family was targeted and suffered a severe downfall. Her life was miserable; hence, she stepped into the entertainment circle.

Now thinking about it, it's laughable how her life turned out, and what kind of person Charlotte is. If she knew not only she was blackmailing her but also asking for such a huge amount of money, she felt she would definitely get herself killed.

"I'm not doing it, you go on your own."

Emily refused, decisively.

If Ryan could face Charlotte himself, he wouldn't have come here to beg Emily. However, Emily was his last straw, and he knew he needed to hang on to her.

He held Emily's hand and persuaded her kindly: "Think about it carefully. If you miss out on this chance, can we still turn around and recover? What if she clears up things later, we won't be able to hold anything against her."

Emily remained firm, and Ryan continued to sweet-talk her: "Consider this, what status does Charlotte hold now? She can't still be bothered about the things we did in the past. Moreover, you know. If it hadn't been for her leaving, leaving my company in a mess of broken affairs. I wouldn't have ended up like this. So, I'm merely getting back what is rightfully mine."

Emily turned to the other side, but Ryan turned her back, "If you don't feel comfortable, let your dad try. After all, he is Sophie's biological father. I bet she wouldn't ignore that."

Sophie was swayed, "Moreover, with the Sophie connection, there's nothing she can't get. I heard you've been shooting a horror film lately. It must be hard, isn't it? Even after it is aired, it probably won't get much attention. Do you really plan to rely on your body to gain resources for a lifetime?"

"No." Emily recalled her experiences and felt an instant revulsion.

Everyone had the right to strive for a better life, and she was no exception.

If blame had to be cast, she could only blame Sophie for her unfortunate fate and accidentally messing with Emily.

"I'll give it a try."

Chapter 740: Don't Bother Me!

Leaving the hotel, Emily Allen didn't return to the movie set but went straight home.

Mia Stewart didn't expect Emily to come home. She exclaimed when she opened the door, "Why are you back? Weren't you filming?"

Emily couldn't explain it all at once, so she hurried back into the house to look for something.

Mia followed her, "What did you lose? Tell me, I'll help you find it."

Emily asked quickly: "Where is my father?"

Mia was taken aback and pointed to the study, "Your father is in the study."

Panic struck Emily and she ran off towards the study, not hearing what Mia was saying as she followed her.

Emily, in a hurry, knocked on Ethan Allen's study door, "Dad, open the door, I have something to tell you."

"Get lost! Stop bothering me!"

Instead, she was met with Ethan's angry rant, which left Emily embarrassed. Mia Stewart caught up to her at this point.

"Sophie, stop knocking." Mia, out of breath, encouraged Emily to leave. Emily was confused and somewhat helpless, "What's wrong with my dad?"

Mia sighed and said, "Your father is drinking."

A look of helplessness crossed Emily's face as she wondered why her father would be drinking in his study in broad daylight.

The study was filled with empty liquor bottles and old books. If one didn't know it was a study, it could've easily been mistaken for a dump. The smell of sweat and rotten food hung in the air. Ethan Allen was sprawled on a recliner, drowsy from intoxication.

"Where's the liquor? Where are the people? Has everyone died? Someone bring me a drink!"

All that could be heard from the study was Ethan's unsightly hollering. Mia patted Emily's back, "You go down first, I'll handle this."

"Mom!"

Emily couldn't stop Mia. She saw Mia knock on Ethan's study door. As expected, she was met with a tirade. But it seemed like her mother had gotten used to it.

Mia continued to knock, patiently saying, "Open the door first, only then I can bring you your drink."

With this reasoning, Ethan shakily got up to open the door. Emily didn't dare to approach. From a distance, she barely recognized the man as her father.

His back was hunched, his face covered with stubble, and his eyes bloodshot.

Emily covered her mouth to hold back her tears.

"Where's the liquor?"

The first thing Ethan said once the door was open was about the booze. Mia sighed, "Can you not drink anymore? Emily is back."

Ethan paused, belched, then started cursing again, "What's it to me if she's back? Stop bothering me. Hurry up and give me the liquor."

Mia was left with nothing else but a sigh. In the end, she took a few bottles of liquor from the side and handed them to Ethan.

Five years ago, the Allen family was a well-known fragrance company in the city.

Surely, if it hadn't been for Sophia Thompson's initial leadership abilities, the Allen family wouldn't have lasted long.

However, five years ago, their business partners suddenly wanted to terminate the contracts with the Allen family.

It was as if the Allens had offended some bigshot. Overnight, they were targeted from all corners.

Just one night was enough for the Allens to face numerous difficulties. From contract terminations, bank debt collection, to the brink of bankruptcy.

The whole city was reporting on the Allens' impending bankruptcy. No one disclosed why they were refusing to collaborate. Everyone only mentioned how the Allens had offended someone.

From then on, the Allens' business saw a steep decline. They were no longer as wealthy as before and were reduced to a contract manufacturing factory.

Ethan Allen had contemplated making a comeback, but the influential force never intended to let him off. He could only take up jobs to make ends meet.

Later on, he simply stopped going to the factory, drinking his days away at home.